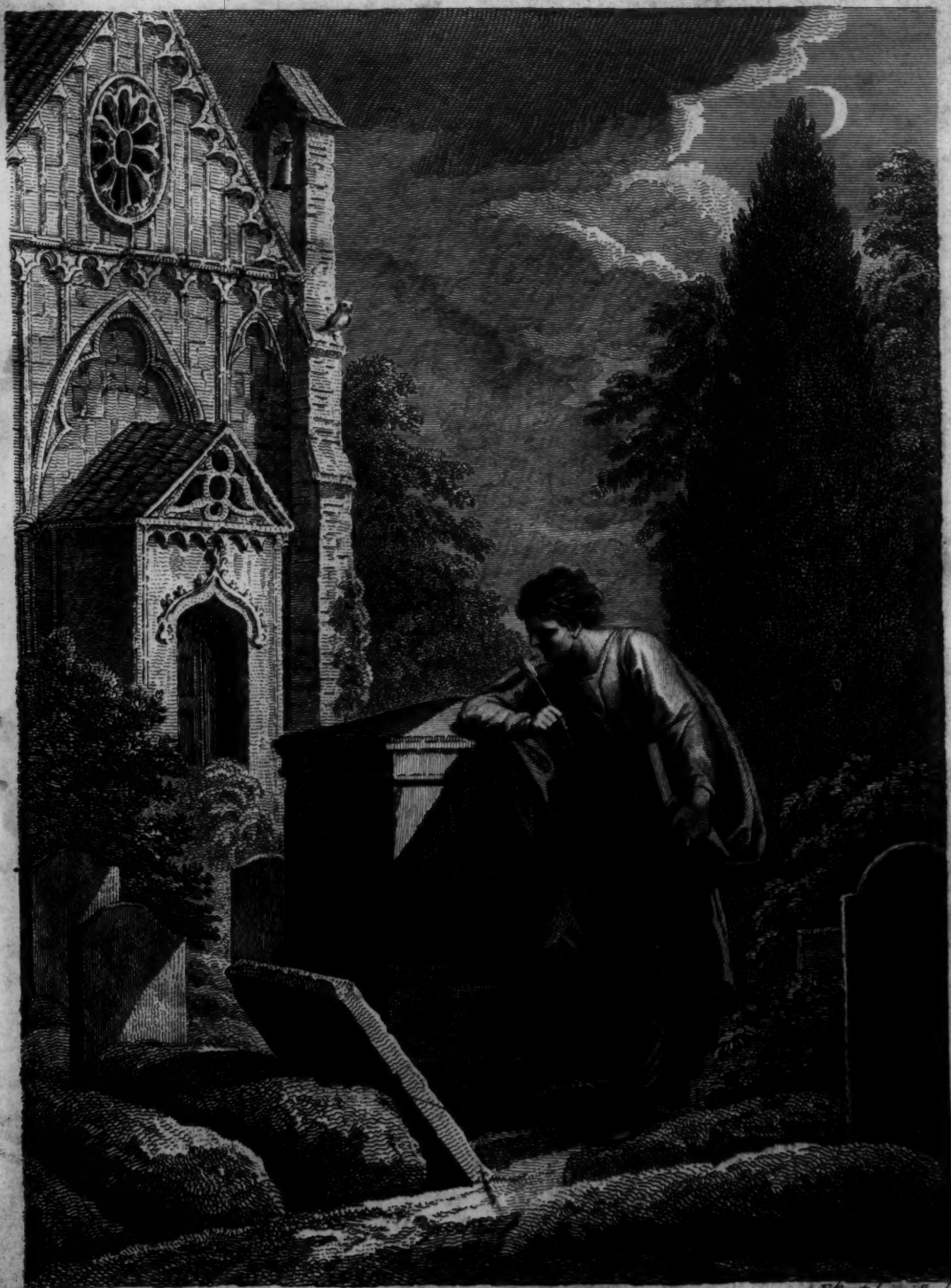


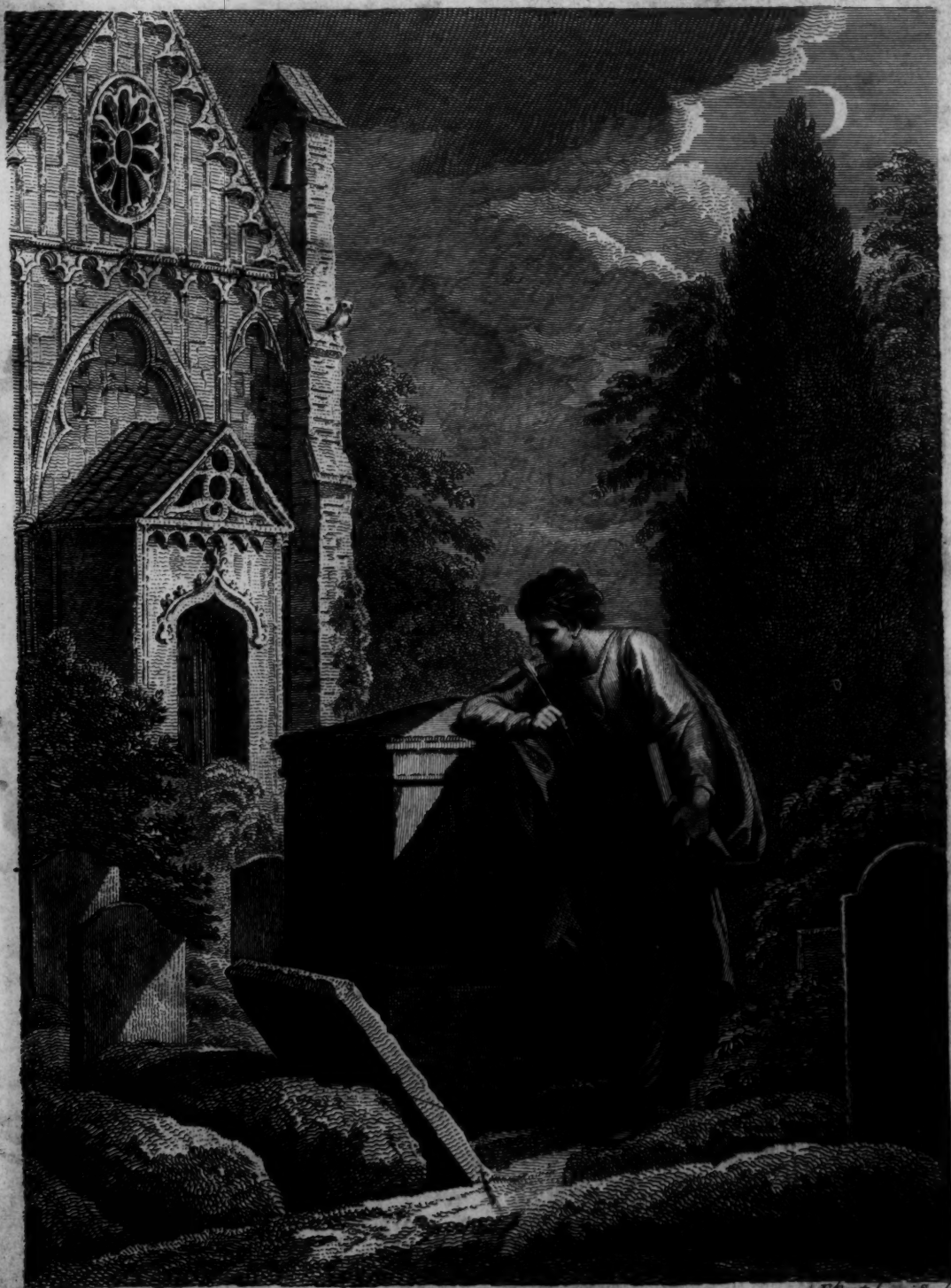


*Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.*

*Sotto quegli olmi, ed ove un taspo face
Ombra de trite zolle a monticelli,
In anguste cellette posto giace
Cognome degli antichi poverelli.*

**GRAY'S
ELEGY**

Published 12 June 1752 as the Act directs by J. Gannini, N. 48 Bonarick Street 8cho London.



Benjamin West del. *F. Bartolozzi sculp.*

*Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.*

**GRAY'S
ELEGY**

*Sotto quegli' olmi, ed ove un tasso face
 Ombra de trite zolle a monticelli,
 In anguste cellette posto giace
 Cagnino degli antichi poverelli.*

Published 12 June 1752 as the Act directs by J. Hannum, N. 48 Bonarick Street 8cho London.

E L E G Y

W R I T T E N I N

A C O U N T R Y C H U R C H - Y A R D .

By M r . G R A Y .

A N D T R A N S L A T E D I N T O I T A L I A N V E R S E

By J . G I A N N I N I , L . L . D .

NON FUMUM EX FULGORE, SED EX FUMO DARE LUCEM
COGITAT. H O R .

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and Sold by the TRANSLATOR, at N^o 48, Berwick-Street, Soho.

M D C C L X X X I I .

1782

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ANNUAL REPORT

FOR THE YEAR 1900

AND FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

FOR THE YEAR 1900

AND FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

FOR THE YEAR 1900

AND FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

T O

Miss P O C O C K.

M A D A M,

IN prefixing your Name to this my Translation, I do not mean so much to compliment you, as myself. You are the Daughter of the truly great Sir GEORGE POCOCK, whose glorious Name has mounted to the pinnacle of Fame; and I am one who is countenanced and patronised by your illustrious Father, in so far as I have the honour of instructing you in the Italian Language and Geography.

How considerable soever the advantages you derive from your Birth may be; they
only

only adorn and brighten what you really possess: but your Piety, good Sense, good Nature, external Graces, Sweetness of Conversation, Affability, and your other Accomplishments are (if I may be allowed the expression) your own property, your own right, and will secure you of a perfect durable happiness, through every stage of your life. I will not, nor must I enlarge upon this subject: your extreme Delicacy might construe into Flattery even those expressions, which are confined to the severity of Truth. I shall therefore conclude with my own Elogy, by publicly acknowledging that I am, with the utmost respect,

M A D A M,

Your most obliged, and most

Obedient humble Servant,

J. GIANNINI.

(1)

THE CRY

W. A. R. L. E.

A COUNTRY OF CHURCHES

The Church tells the tale of peace and
The living hand with life in the
The power homeward to his weary
And saves the world to darkness and to

Now light the glancing lamp on the night
And all the air a solemn silence holds
Save where the people wheel their burning light
And slowly seeking and the world to

E L E G Y

W R I T T E N I N

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

A

Save

E L E G I A

S C R I T T A

NEL CIMITERO D'UN VILLAGGIO.

PIANGE la Squilla 'l giorno che si muore,
Lento 'n recinto i buoi traggono il piede,
A casa si strascina l' aratore,
E alle tenébre il mondo, ed a me cede.

Già de' campi l' aspetto non si mira,
E tetra calma l' aer tutto regge,
Salvo u' ronzando il scarabon s' aggira,
E un tintinno addormenta il lontan gregge ;

Salvo

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her antient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft

Salvo che con la luna da ederosa
 Torre l' inerte gufo si lamenta
 Di chi presso 'l suo nido vagar osa,
 E 'l notturno suo regno turbar tenta.

Sotto quegli olmi, ed ove un tasso face
 Ombra di trite zolle a monticelli,
 In anguste cellette posso giace
 Ognuno degli antichi poverelli.

L' aura odorosa, che precede il giorno,
 Di rondine 'l trillar su vile tetto,
 Di gallo il canto, o 'l risonante corno
 Non destarangli più dal basso letto.

Per lor più non fiammeggia il focolare,
 Ne massaje la fera sudar fanno,
 Ne corron putti il babbo ad incontrare,
 Ne per avere baci a gara fanno.

B

Spesso

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour :
 The path of glory leads but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can

Spesso alla falce lor piegò 'l ricolto,
 Spesso glebe durissime folcaro :
 Quanto lieti guidar buoi per lo colto !
 Come le quercie a' colpi lor chinaro !

Non sprezzi Ambizion gli util lavori,
 I piacer rozzi, e gli oscuri natali ;
 Ne Grandezza con ghigno difonori
 De' poverelli i brevi, e schietti annali.

Arme di nobiltà, di poter vetta,
 Di beltà, d' opulenza ogni vantaggio,
 L' inevitabil ora tutto aspetta :
 La gloria pur a morte rende omaggio.

Ne tu, Superbo, imputa a lor viltate,
 Se Trofei non adornano lor tomba,
 U' in tempio, e sotto volte rilevate
 Inno solenne lodi altrui rimbomba.

Can storied urn, or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry footh the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll:
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some

Urna istoriata può, busto animato
Spirto fuggito a sua magion chiamare ?
Cenere accender può d' Onore il fiato,
O forda e fredda Morte uom lusingare ?

Forse quì giace in luogo senza pregio
Cuor, che pregno già fu di celest' etra ;
Mano, che degna fu di scettro regio,
Od estasi produr destando cetra.

Ma non spiegò 'l gran foglio mai Scienza,
Fatto ricco dal tempo, alla lor mente :
Il nobil estro lor presse Indigenza,
E dell' alma agghiacciò 'l natio torrente.

Innumerabil gemme trasparenti
Nelle caverne lor chiudono i mari :
Innumerabil fiori mai presenti
Non furo al guardo, e visser solitari.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little Tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er the smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far

Qualche Hampden rozzo, che col petto a prova
Resistè de' suoi campi al Tirannetto;
Qualche muto Miltòn quì si ritrova,
E qualche Cromuèl di sangue netto.

Regger senati alla lor voce attenti,
Sprezzar minaccie di dolor e lutti,
Sparger la copia fu terre ridenti,
E legger la lor storia in faccia a tutti

Sorte vietò; che negò loro il dono
Non solo di virtù, ma strinse eccessi;
Vietò loro guar dar pel sangue al trono,
E chiuder di mercede altrui gl' ingressi;

Di coscienza i rimorfi occultare,
Spegner i segni d' ingenuo rossore,
O di Lusso, e Superbia offrir all' are
Incenso acceso di Febeo furore.

Lunge

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray :
 Along the cool sequestr'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes, and shapeless sculpture deck'd
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame, and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic Moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

Lunge di calca stolta dal contrasto,
 Mai lor brame dal ves non deviaro :
 Di vita in fredda valle senza fasto
 Ognor taciti, e queti camminaro.

Pur a difender l' ossa dagl' insulti
 Presso lor erti monumenti frali,
 Con rozze rime, e modi informi sculti,
 Sol un sospiro imploran da' mortali.

I nomi, e gli anni lor scritti da idiota
 Musa, nel luogo d' elegia vi stanno ;
 E molti sacri testi ella ivi nota,
 Che 'l Cristian rozzo ben morire fanno.

Poiche qual uom in preda dell' obbligo
 Lasciò 'l suo caro viver angoscioso,
 E al bel giorno fereno disse addio,
 Senza 'ndietro gettar guardo bramoso ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
“ Oft we have seen him, at the peep of dawn,
“ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
“ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
“ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
“ His little length at noon-tide would he stretch,
“ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard

Ad amico in partir l' alma si fida,
 Occhio languente chiede poche stille:
 Natura istessa dalla tomba grida,
 Resta 'l Cenere pur pien di faville.

Di te, che memor de' spregiati Morti,
 Quì narri il vero lor corso passato;
 Se Contemplazion solinga porti
 Mai spirito affine ad esplorarne il fato;

Forse Pastor canuto potrà dire,
 " Spesso ruggiada scuoter con piè snello
 " L' abbiám visto d' aurora all' apparire,
 " Il sol per incontrar sul monticello.

" Ivi sotto quel faggio tentennante,
 " Che strane volge alte radici, stava
 " Disteso a mezzo dì, pigro 'n sembante,
 " E intento il gorgogliar del rio badava.

H H T

" Presso

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;
" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
" Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree ;
" Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

" The next with dirges due, in sad array,
" Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him born.
" Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
" Grav'd on his stone, beneath yon aged thorn."

“ Presso quel bosco or con foggigno in volto,
“ Concetti sussurrando errava, or quale
“ Uom derelitto di mestizia involto,
“ Or vinto nell' amor dal suo rivale.

“ Veder una mattina nol potei
“ Al pian, ne presso al arbor suo diletto ;
“ Successe l' altra, ne ritrovoss' ei
“ Vicino al fonte, al poggio, ne al boschetto :

“ La terza lento co' dovuti lai
“ Lo vedemmo portar in funerale.
“ Avvicinati, e leggi (che tu 'l fai)
“ Sotto quel spin lo scritto sepolcrale.”

T H E
E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune, and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father, and his God.

L' E P I T A F I O.

QUI posa 'l capo sulla Terra madre
 Giovan volgar, e di fortuna ria :
 Minerva nol sdegnò per l' umil padre,
 E 'l segnò come suo Malinconia.

Ebbe l' animo schietto, e generoso ;
 Ricompensollo il ciel: più non potea
 Dar che lagrime, e dielle, al Bisogno ;
 Un amico acquistò, sol ciò chiedea.

Più innanzi rintracciar non si conviene
 Ogni suo Merto, o frale suo desio ;
 Giacciono entrambi in paventosa spene
 Nel seno del suo Padre, e del suo Dio.

((191))

N O T E S

B Y

MR. G R A Y.

————— the knell of parting day. Line 1.

————— squilla di lontano,

Che paga 'l giorno pianger, che si muore. Dante. Purgat. c. 8.

Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires. L. 92.

Ch' i' veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,

Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi

Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville. Petrarch. Son. 169.

E P I T A P H.

(There they alike in trembling hope repose). L. penult.

————— paventosa speme. Petrarch. Son. 114.

T H E E N D.